

The Terminal is the  
oldest newspaper in  
Richmond and has  
the confidence and  
support of pioneers

# RICHMOND TERMINAL

The Terminal boosts  
and advertises Richmond,  
directly interests your prop-  
erty values.

VOL. XII

RICHMOND, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1915

NO. 1

## THE TERMINAL WISHES YOU A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

### Condensed News Items For Terminal Readers

Mrs. J. H. Chandler entertained a party of friends at her home Monday evening.

H. A. Stiver, local S. P. agent, spent a few days this week at Calistoga Springs.

Alvis Lauderdale, charged with pandering, was acquitted by a jury in the superior court Tuesday.

Chief of Police Walker has dispersed the band of gypsies who have infested this city last week.

The Blake-Bilger company started work on the five acre fill for the new Richmond-Marin ferry.

The funeral of Robert Moran Monday was attended by 200 friends, the Elks and Red Men conferring last honors.

The Tilden Lumber Co. secured the contracts for sawing lumber for the new high school to be built at 23d and Main streets.

J. P. Arnold has inaugurated his "jitney" bus system from Tenth street and Macdonald avenue to Washington and Standard avenues.

A broken brake beam which became snagged in the roadbed of the Santa Fe near San Pablo caused ten freight cars to go into the ditch.

Geo. S. Wall, president of Harbor Center Land company came over early Tuesday to attend to business connected with his land company.

For the relief of the unemployed Mayor Mott of Oakland has added to the general committee D. W. Calfee of Richmond, and Mayor Fred Husted of San Jose.

The S. P. claims that their assessments for the improvement of Pullman avenue are excessive, and should be less than one-half of the \$22,000 assessed by the city.



**F. W. LAUFER**  
OPTICIAN  
487 14th St., between Broadway and Washington, Oakland

**POPULAR BAKERY**  
A. HOFFER & CO.

COFFEE PARLOR and CONFECTIONERY

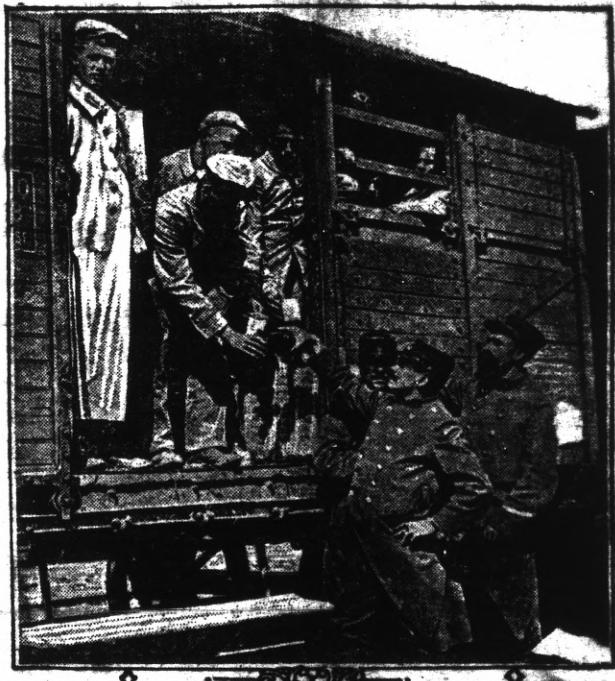
In connection.

117 Macdonald Avenue  
Phone 591.

Bread twice a day.  
Free delivery.

It was <sup>THE</sup> Terminal

### DIVIDING WINE WITH PRISONERS



French soldiers sharing a bottle of wine with German prisoners.

### The Despised and Rejected Copper Cent

"Praises to the almighty dollar have been sung from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, but whoever heard anyone say a kind word about the poor despised American cent (especially in California) where it has been looked down upon with disdain?" remarked Manager McCourt of the local Western Union company to a Terminal reporter. "But times are changing," he said, "and today one of the best friends that Uncle Sam has got is the rusty copper cent, see what it is doing for him in the way of getting him out of his financial difficulties."

"Take for instance the one cent revenue on telegrams alone. The Western Union company has over 25000 offices in the United States, and as an estimate we will say that each office handles only five messages a day the revenue from this source alone would amount to upwards of \$112,500.00 a month, and this is probably a very small estimate."

"Beginning with the new year, let us all promise to have a good word to say for the penny, on account of the wonderful service it is rendering Uncle Sam in his hour of need. And let us stop sneezing at it."

#### Balancing to Music.

One of the most difficult trials that an equilibrist of any kind can undergo is to give an exhibition without the aid of an orchestra. Good, stirring music is of immense assistance to the performer in more ways than one. In the first place, it encourages and gives confidence to an extent which would astound any one who had never before experienced it. By always performing to the tune the artist is able to take his cue from it, and so keeps time much more step-dance-don't. The next step is to get the performer to confine his attention to what he is doing by drawing any small notes among the audience which might distract him. Most equilibrist during what they consider their crowning test dispense with the orchestra, and this adds considerably to the danger.

#### Floor of the Ocean.

The ocean floor is an interminable desert of grayish ooze, largely composed of minute shells, in which, if one were to walk over it, the feet would sink deeply. There is no plant life whatever, even the sea iles being merely minute sparkling flowers in appearance. It is believed that most of the deep sea animals—not the fish on, but the lower forms—live by eating the ooze or mud on the bottom, digesting the organic matter it contains. The mud, eaten, many of which are of gigantic size, are the common prey of sharks and other voracious fishes.

### NOTABLES IN THE LUNELIGHT

Baron Fisher, Who Is Britain's First Sea Lord.



For the second time in his career John Arbuthnot Fisher, Baron Fisher of Kilverstone, has been called upon to fill the position of first sea lord of the admiralty in Great Britain's navy.

Born in 1841 and entering the navy at the age of thirteen, he rose to be first sea lord. This was in 1904. He retired from active service in 1910. He is not popular in the service, because he is a strict disciplinarian, but his work has won admiration.

It has been said of Lord Fisher that he stands in the same relation to the British navy that Lord Kitchener does to the army. More than to say other one man, the present efficiency of the British navy is due to him. When Fisher was appointed first sea lord in 1904 he proceeded to shake things up in a way that by many was regarded as revolutionary. He divided the effective war fleet into two—one in commission at sea, the other, in commission in reserve. Then he manned most of the battleship strength in the North sea, believing that the next great naval battle would be fought in those waters rather than in the Mediterranean.

His next step was to scrap every naval vessel that was not up to date. In the first three months of 1905 no fewer than 120 of such vessels were condemned as obsolete.

As a fighter he has had wide experience. He fought in the Crimean war, the China war of 1856-60 and at the bombardment of Alexandria. The son of an obscure man, he attained the highest rank in the service, where aristocratic influence counts for much, in merit alone. His father was a captain in the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, settled in Cayon. Lord Fisher visited the United States four years ago to attend the wedding of his son to Miss Jane Morgan of Philadelphia.

Please note the day when regular sales are held—

### Alameda County Thinks Different

#### Called to Merced By Death of Relative

The many friends and acquaintances of E. A. Prizer, prominent realty broker of Merced, will be shocked to learn of the latter's sudden death early Tuesday morning at his Merced home. Mr. Prizer was only ill a few hours, and died from acute indigestion a few minutes after medical aid was summoned. Mr. Prizer was a brother-in-law of Geo. W. Ryan, editor of Terminal. The latter accompanied by Mrs. Ryan, left for the valley city immediately after receiving the sad news. The funeral was held today, interment being made in Merced.

#### East Richmond Looks Good to Old Resident

Twenty-third street, Richmond, is looking better every day. This section of Richmond has the situation, the street improvements, and a land and marine view unequalled in California. And then, where can you beat the street car service given this fast growing portion of Richmond?—John Sommers, local merchant and booster.

Richmond has good telephone service, which, in a measure, is due to the girls.

Old Abe says: "The fellow who does best, feels better whether he gets anywhere or not."

Beginning Saturday, January 2nd

## January Clear- ance Sales and Sales Of White

All the departments and basement store participating. The years best savings in Suits, Coats, Dresses, Military, Cotton, Linens, Bedding, Rugs, Curtains, Lace, and Embroideries, Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Goods, Shoes, Muslin Underwear, Waist and hundreds of articles too numerous to mention.

Visit the store early and often.

**H.C. Carwell Co.**  
THE LACE HOUSE  
OAKLAND.  
Open 10th and 11th Sts., Oakland

## FURY OF FIGHTING INCREASES ON RUSSIAN BATTLE FRONT

Petrograd.—Resisting constant, day and night attacks along the front between the Vistula river and Opoczno, Warsaw's Russian defenders were holding their lines against the Germans.

The Kaiser's forces launched assault after assault against them in massed formation, but each time they were beaten back. The banks of the Bzura and Rawa rivers were covered with their corpses. Only at one point, the war office stated, had the Teutons succeeded in crossing the Bzura.

They were directing their main attack against a spot midway between Sochaczew and Shieriewicz.

The Slavs were not entirely on the defensive. Along the Pilica river they were trying to penetrate the German front.

The fighting in Poland was believed here to be approaching a crisis.

Gen. Francois, commander of the German force which recently attempted an advance on Warsaw from the northward and was beaten back the way it came, was endeavoring to resume his march to the southward from Mlawa. It was conceded that he had managed partly to regain the offensive.

Experts said that nothing but success by Francois or the defeat of the Slav line before Warsaw could save Marshal von Hindenburg from being compelled to retreat again. The war office was confident that neither of these two things would happen, and that von Hindenburg would have to retire.

The battle west of Warsaw had reached enormous proportions.

Petrograd (via London)—Russian successes are reported officially from the battle front before Warsaw and from that around Cracow, but without materially changing the general situation in these regions. Especially vicious attacks have been made by the Germans between Tinezow, forty miles northeast of Cracow, and Norwemian Korzen, at the junction of the Nida and Vistula rivers.

In this place the Austrians initiated the tactics of the Germans and tried to force a passage by sheer weight and numbers. They advanced repeatedly in full formation against the Russian front in the face of a heavy artillery fire. The net result after two days' fighting was the capture by the Russians of nearly 5000 prisoners, including half a hundred officers, and the retention by the Russians of the left bank of the Nida, where they are strongly entrenched.

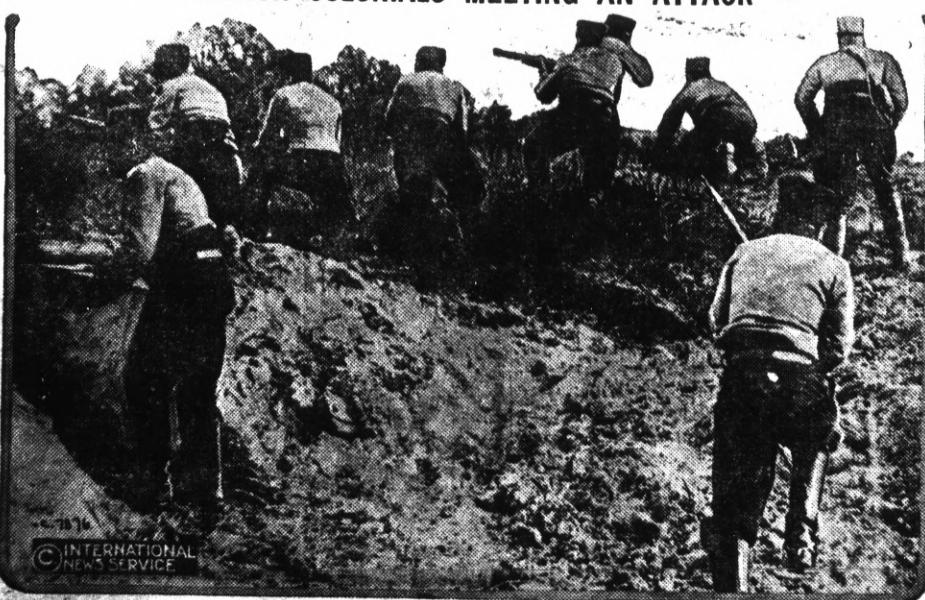
London—Christmas brought no rest to the embattled European armies. It found the Russians still fighting desperately in the snows of Poland against the heroic attacks of the German and Austrian allies; Przemysl still in the grip of the invading army; the French making spasmodic thrusts against the long German lines of trenches in Northern and Northeastern France, and the French and Belgians engaged in almost hand-to-hand warfare against the German trenches in West Belgium.

"In Flanders things were generally quiet," says the German bulletin. The French report speaks of intermittent artillery fire there. The French claim several successes along the center and eastern lines, while the Germans declare that they have taken the second British trench in Belgium. Both sides assert that they have repulsed attacks at various points, which indicate that the fighting process is under way all along the lines.

So close are the trenches of the Germans and the allies at many points that almost the only weapons used are hand grenades, since it is impossible for the men to expose themselves even to so small a degree as would be necessary for the use of their rifles.

There have been informal truces between the British and the Germans for burial of the dead between the lines. According to a British eye-witness for many weeks along the battle line, the dead have lain as they fell. There are gory accounts of bodies held erect by the barbed wires and scabs crawling over them at nights.

### FRENCH COLONIALS MEETING AN ATTACK



This photograph was taken outside Dixmude during an attack by Germans on the French colonials entrenched in the sand dunes.

### GERMAN REPORT

Berlin (by wireless to Sayville, L. I.)—Among the items given by the Official Press Bureau are the following:

"Despite the evident stubborn nature of the fighting along the whole eastern front, Major Morath, military correspondent of the Tageblatt, says he is inclined to believe the Russians' resistance is no new offensive, but is made up merely of rear-post combats designed to cover the retirement of the main armies for reorganization back of the middle Vistula. This, he thinks, is particularly the case in Southern Poland and Galicia, where the nature of the terrain behind the Russians is such that time must be gained to permit them to reach the position set for reorganization, even at the risk that the rear-post troops may not be able to come back."

### AIR ATTACKS FIGURE IN CLASH OF GREAT ARMIES

London.—The airmen of the bellicose countries spent a busy week. While a solitary German flew over the Thames estuary and dropped a single bomb, which fell in a roadway and did no damage, a convoy of seven British navy seaplanes visited the German naval base at Cuxhaven and dropped bombs on ships and the gas works. All but one of the British airmen returned safely to the ships which convoyed them.

Similar activity was displayed along the battle front. German airmen paying a surprise visit to Nancy; French aviators to Metz; British to Brussels; and other Belgian towns occupied by the Germans, and German airmen to Polish cities.

As usual, the accounts of the airmen of the damage done differ from those of the occupants of the territory attacked. While bombs were dropped during these flights, most of the flights were made for the purpose of reconnoitering. The allies, who are on the offensive in the west, are naturally desirous of knowing when and where the Germans are moving their reinforcements, the arrival of which at the front has been the signal for many German counter-attacks.

Except in the Argonne and Alsace, where the French have made some progress, and outside of artillery practice, the battles in the west for the past few days largely consisted of German attacks, to counter those of the allies and to prevent the allies from organizing the ground which they had gained.

### SIEGE OF CRACOW AGAIN RAISED BY AUSTRIANS

Petrograd.—The investment by the Russians of the fortress of Cracow has again been raised. Following the discovery of an attempt made by the Austrians to divide the Russian forces in Galicia the Russians retreated eastward a distance of fifty miles.

Russian forces, according to advices received Monday from Galicia, have succeeded in crossing the Biala river and in taking possession of a 20-mile strip of territory south of Tuchow, thereby separating the two Austrian armies.

The forces of General Boehm-Ermoll, the Austrian commander, are declared by the Russians to be retreating precipitately, and the western Austrian army is said to be badly crippled.

The Russian Galician army, which a short time ago was in touch on the south with the Austrian garrison defending Cracow, moved back to the Biala river, which is some fifty miles east of the former Russian position.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Russian retrogression completely relieved the investment of the fortress of Cracow, it is declared by military observers to be a marked advantage for the Russians, the retirement being due to the discovery of the Austrian aim to cut into halves the Russian forces in this region.

### HER LIFE IS IN DANGER



### BEREAVED COBBLER TIRES OF MOURNING AFTER FIVE LONG YEARS

San Francisco.—For five years Bernard Goldsmith, an aged cobbler, mourned over the death of his wife, Sarah. In his little shop at 533 First avenue he toiled away the dreary days. His only comfort was a small urn which stood on a shelf where he could see it by raising his eyes. In this urn was a handful of ashes of the ashes of his wife, Sarah.

Christmas day a friend went to call on the old cobbler. There was no answer to his knock, so he opened the door and went in. On the bench was the urn and the wreath, and some old letters. On the bench sat Goldsmith, with a smile on his face and a gas tube in his mouth. His mourning was over.

### CRANK EXPLODES BOMB IN MIDST OF WOMEN

#### Maniacal Devotee of Occultism Wrecks Temple of Worship

San Francisco.—Driven mad by his failure to master the secrets of the esoteric writings of the adepts, Louis Vavra, student of the occult, until recently employed in the Southern Pacific machine shops at Oakland, entered the Hindu temple at Webster and Filbert streets Sunday afternoon and exploded a bomb at the feet of the Swami Trigunatita, who was standing on a platform expounding the beauties of the Vedanta.

The explosion of the bomb literally tore Vavra to pieces, probably fatally injuring Swami Trigunatita, the leader, and threw three score of worshippers, mostly women, into a panic. Several of the worshippers were injured.

The interior of the building was wrecked.

### APPEAL GRANTED IN FRANK MURDER CASE

Washington.—Justice Lamar of the Supreme Court granted an appeal from the decision of the Georgia Federal Court, which refused to release Leo M. Frank on a habeas corpus proceeding. Frank is under sentence for the murder of Mary Phagan, an Atlanta factory girl.

Attorneys for the condemned man have been fighting for weeks for the appeal, which was once previously denied them, although on another phase of the proceeding.

In the present proceeding Frank's attorneys argued to the Federal Court of Georgia that State courts in which Frank had been convicted of murder had lost jurisdiction over their client because he had not had a fair trial and had been convicted in an atmosphere of violence. They asked the Georgia Federal Court to release Frank on a habeas corpus. Justice Newman refused and declined to grant an appeal to the Supreme Court.

The appeal of Justice Lamar Monday permits them to bring their case up for hearing in Washington.

### WOMEN RENEW FIGHT TO EXTEND SUFFRAGE

Chicago.—More than twenty men have been saved from suicide by Coroner Peter M. Hoffman's plan of placing on Coroners' juries only those who are in need. In three months 7320 men who were out of employment sat on juries and collected \$7320 in fees. The line of applicants at the Coroner's office some days contains 300.

"The distress relieved is not alone financial," commented the report made by the Public Safety Commission. "More than twenty men who were discouraged, desperate and admitted they were on the verge of suicide before they sat on a jury were saved by the plan. The sight of ghastly remains of those who had killed themselves and the grief of relatives at the inquests banished from the minds of these downhearted souls all thoughts of self-destruction.

The object lesson and the financial assistance, small though it was, gave them new hope."

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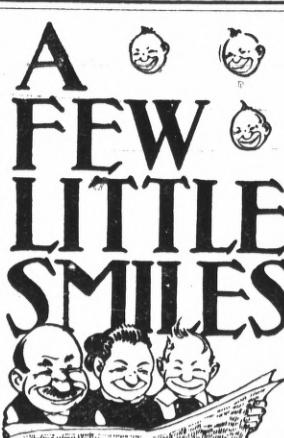
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### USE OF SCHOOLS FOR PUBLIC DECLARED LEGAL

Berkeley.—Attorney-General U. S. Webb, in reply to questions raised by the Berkeley Board of Education, has furnished an opinion of immediate local application and of State-wide importance in regard to the use of the schools for other than school purposes.

A school board can lease, rent or give free for literary, scientific, recreational or educational purposes the use of the schools so long as public participation is not limited in any way. A school board can conduct anything at the schools itself. A school board cannot give or rent, or lease to individuals the use of the schools for private gain or where public participation is limited in any way as by the charging of admission or where the proceeds are for private gain. The granting of school property in any legal situation is wholly within the discretion of the school board.



### ANANIAS THE FIRST DENTIST

Moaning Patient, Who Just Had Tooth Pulled, Is Satisfied as to Identity of First Liar.

The dentist says it's all right to tell the story, but that his name must not be used.

His explanation of his modesty is that it is unethical to advertise. He must rest under the suspicion, however, of being afraid that his story is scarcely good advertising, even if he does deny that he is the principal character.

A friend of his—dental friend—had just pulled a tooth for a patient, he says.

"Doctor, you told me that it wouldn't hurt to pull that tooth," he said.

"I did," triumphantly acclaimed the doctor. "What have you to say about the matter?"

"Well, all I have got to say is," moaned the patient, "that Ananias must have been the first dentist."—Louisville Times.

Fired.

A well-known judge often relieved his judicial wisdom with a touch of humor. One day, during the trial of a case, Mr. Gunn was a witness in the box, and, as he hesitated a good deal and seemed unwilling, after much persistent questioning, to tell what he knew, the judge said to him: "Come Mr. Gunn, don't hang fire." After the examination had closed the bar was convulsed by the judge adding: "Mr. Gunn, you can go off; you are discharged."—Case and Comment.

The Retort Courteous.

"It was mighty nice of you to give up your seat to that stout old lady, Mr. Blanks. It is pleasant to see that there are still some polite men left in the world."

"Sorry, Mrs. Jabbars, but it wasn't politeness at all. The man who sat next to me was quarreling because he said I crowded him too much and all I did was to use that stout old lady as a sort of retort courteous."

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It is impossible to be strong and robust if handicapped by a weak stomach or lazy liver; but you can help Nature conquer them with the assistance of

## HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters



LADIES  
Take the agency in your town for our tailored corset. No money required. Do business from home, only pay to a town. Send references.

RAUDOLPH C. COFFEE SHOP  
714 South Grand Avenue, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

**NOT APPROVED BY SCIENCE**

Existence of "Brain Waves," as Popularly Understood, Has Never Been Established.

Sir Ray Lankester, who has been a diligent student of telepathy, now arrives at the conclusion that the so-called "brain waves," of which the telepathists talk, have no foundation in science. According to him, we know nothing of the existence of such waves and are absolutely devoid of the means of establishing them. The chief difficulty lies in the fact that those who seem to believe in them most implicitly are unable to so much as hazard a guess as to the material in which they occur.

The physician who teaches the existence of light waves affirms at the beginning that they are waves of the ether. In holding to sound waves he explains that they are waves of the atmosphere. To say that sound and light are waves and at the same time to be unable to declare the substance of which those waves consist would be to leave sound and light unexplained; and Sir Ray has had a like inference to be drawn from the brain-wave explanation of telepathy.

But granting the existence of such waves, he proceeds to ask by what means they are received, and obtains no answer. As far as present day science goes there is no detector in the brain by which they may be received, and no mechanism to transform them into sensible form. Neither is there a code between man and man whereby the thoughts conveyed are to be made intelligible as the Morse alphabet transforms the dots and dashes of the telegraph key into words.

The possibility of telepathy is not denied. The noted scientist simply takes the ground that at the present stage of knowledge, if brains do communicate with each other immediately and over long distances, it is by some other method than that of the supposed "brain waves."

**DON'T GET RUN DOWN.**  
Weak and miserable. If you have Kidney or Bladder trouble, Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Nervousness, and feel tired all the time, get a bottle of our GRAY'S AROMATIC LEAF. It never fails. Sold by all Druggists or sent by mail for 50c. Sample sent FREE. Address: The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.—Ad.

**Flincky Amazons.**  
How about this regiment of Amazons you were going to organize, general?

"It fell through. We got together 900 women, but before they would march to the front they insisted on being supplied with 687 different brands of face powder and 1,800 bottles of toilet water."

## Most Skin Trouble Readily Overcome

The Active Principle of a Famous Remedy Works Wonders.



Many people have marveled the way S. S. S. removes skin trouble. The explanation is the fact that S. S. S. is in the blood and the blood is really a most intricate and extraordinary mass of arteries and veins.

When you come to realize that the skin and the flesh beneath are composed of a network of tiny blood vessels you realize the mystery.

The wonderful medicinal properties in S. S. S. that follow the course of the blood streams just as naturally as the most nourishing food elements.

It is a wonderful, remarkable remedy. It contains one ingredient, the active purpose of which is to stimulate the tissues to the healthy secretion of the essential ingredients. And the medicinal qualities of this matchless blood purifier are just as essential to well-balanced health as the nutrition, sleep, exercise, vitamins, minerals, fats and sugars of our daily food.

Not one drop of minerals or drugs is used in its preparation. And for this reason, and just insist upon having it. And if you desire skilful advice and counsel upon any medical question, call upon the S. S. S. Co., 5229 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Do not allow some zealous clerk to question over the value of S. S. S. to you with the same oil mineral drugs. Beware of all substitutes. Insist upon S. S. S.

## GOING TO MARKET

Automobile Smashes Wagon But the Amateur Driver Comes Out Winner.

By DONALD ALLEN.

There was a whooping and shouting.

"Good lands, but what is that?" exclaimed Aunt Minerva Johnson, as she stood at the kitchen sink washing the breakfast dishes.

"It must be Uncle Joe," replied her niece, Miss Jennie Waldron, as she stood wiping the said dishes.

"Run to the door and see if the barn has fallen on him."

"He's a-fighting wasps," replied the girl as she looked out.

"I told him yesterday not to meddle with their nests, but he's gone and done it. What's he doin' now?"

"Running through the currant bushes."

"And now?"

"He's kicked them off with a hat, but he's been stung."

"Serves him right," and she went to the door.

"Joseph Johnson, have you been foolin' with them wasps?"

"Pitched them into me as I was goin' to harness the hoss," was the reply.

"I must get even for the nervous shock, you know."

The old horse Peter had jogged his way home as sedately as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Johnson was the first to catch sight of him as he turned to the lane, and she ran to the door and screamed at Uncle Joe, who was digging potatoes.

"Come here! Come on the run!"

"What is it?" he asked as he arrived.

"There is old Peter, but where is Jennie?"

"Why—why, she must have jumped out!" he stammered.

"She's killed stone dead, I tell you, and you are to blame for it. I told you to let them wasps alone. Yes, the dear girl is dead, and we haven't a grain of tea in the house."

They had put Peter in his stall and walked down the highway a quarter of a mile to look for the wreck of the wagon when they espied an auto coming around like an old lame hen. Now Joseph has got stung, and can't go, and it seems as if I never wanted a cup of tea so bad in my life. He ought to have his old ears boxed."

"If I could drive a horse—" began Miss Jennie doubtfully.

"Yes. Say, I believe you could. Old Peter is as gentle as a lamb, and he knows the way to town and back as well as I do. You simply hold the lines and he will go right along. A baby could drive him."

"But if I meet a team on the way?"

"You pull on the right hand line and give half the road."

"And when we get there?"

"Oh, Somers, the storekeeper, will come out and hitch Peter for you and carry in the things. He will also see you started for home all right."

"It looks easy," said Miss Jennie.

"It's easier than making a pie-crust. You've been comin' down here three or four times a year for the last five years, and it's curus that we never taught you to drive."

"Well, I'll learn now."

"And you'll do fine. I believe this foot will be well by the time I drink two cups of tea."

Uncle Joe harnessed old Peter to the one-horse wagon. What he thought of the venture he didn't say. He knew he should hear more from his wife about those wasps. When things were ready the horse started off at a jog, and after the first mile Miss Jennie had full confidence in herself. In going a mile and a half, she met two teams. She was somewhat doubtful whether she should pull on the right or the left line, and so she pulled neither, but let Peter go along in the middle of the road. The other two travelers hauled out into the ditch and didn't say a word.

Then the amazed driver heard an auto coming up behind. She looked back and saw that it was a young man driving it.

Was it the right line she was to pull in this case?

Or the left?

Or was she to increase Peter's speed, or to stop him dead still?

She didn't remember whether her aunt had told her that an auto was entitled to only half the road or all outdoors, and her confusion was heightened by the honking of the horn.

Nothing at all was done on her part, but the autoist thought there was room to pass, and he tried it on.

Clip! Crash!

A hind wheel of the wagon was torn off, and the girl and butter and eggs and potatoes were rolled in the dust. Peter was turned around to face the other way, but at his steady old age he wasn't going to make matters worse.

The autoist stopped his machine within a few feet, and came running back. "It was all my fault, and I'm awfully sorry! Are you all right?"

"Aren't you a very careless young man?" asked Miss Jennie.

"I may be, but I guess I thought you would give me a little more of the road."

"Here is everything spoiled, and I was going to market!"

"But don't say a word. I'll fix it all right."

And the young man took Peter from the shafts and headed him down the road, knowing that he would turn at the right farm. Then he drew the wreck into the ditch, saying: "I'll have the wagon maker come out and get it and make it better than new."

"But I was going to market," persisted the girl.

"You were going to trade those things at the store, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, you get right in the auto. I am going to the village. It's for me to pay cash for what I've destroyed. I am reduced that you were not hurt, but I'm willing to pay for the nervous shock I gave you. That is, your father won't have to sue me for damages."

Miss Jennie made no reply. The suddenness of the thing had stunned her, and the young man had a very taking way with him. He was hand

dling the incidents as if the like had occurred twice a day the week through. Should she let him buy the things on the list aunty had made out? No? Then she must return home without the tea, and that was being especially waited for. Yes? He had been very careless.

"She's no country maiden," mused Egbert Chester, as the machine clattered along.

"He's from the city, sure," mused Miss Jennie.

When the village was reached he said: "You can remain here in the auto, because I'm going to take you back where you are stopping. Please give me that list and I'll have Mr. Somers hustle."

"Two pounds of sugar," Mrs. Johnson had stashed the list with. The young man ordered ten pounds without any "h" in it.

"One-quarter pound of tea" became four pounds of Mocha and Java.

There were other things on the list and they were multiplied by three. When the girl saw the heaping basket she called out in alarm: "Why, Uncle Joe never runs in debt a penny's worth!"

"Oh, they are paid for," laughed the buyer.

"But there's so much."

"I must get even for the nervous shock, you know."

The old horse Peter had jogged his way home as sedately as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Johnson was the first to catch sight of him as he turned to the lane, and she ran to the door and screamed at Uncle Joe, who was digging potatoes.

"Come here! Come on the run!"

"What is it?" he asked as he arrived.

"There is old Peter, but where is Jennie?"

"Why—why, she must have jumped out!" he stammered.

"She's killed stone dead, I tell you, and you are to blame for it. I told you to let them wasps alone. Yes, the dear girl is dead, and we haven't a grain of tea in the house."

They had put Peter in his stall and walked down the highway a quarter of a mile to look for the wreck of the wagon when they espied an auto coming around like an old lame hen. Now Joseph has got stung, and can't go, and it seems as if I never wanted a cup of tea so bad in my life. He ought to have his old ears boxed."

"If I could drive a horse—" began Miss Jennie doubtfully.

"Yes. Say, I believe you could. Old Peter is as gentle as a lamb, and he knows the way to town and back as well as I do. You simply hold the lines and he will go right along. A baby could drive him."

"But if I meet a team on the way?"

"You pull on the right hand line and give half the road."

"And when we get there?"

"Oh, Somers, the storekeeper, will come out and hitch Peter for you and carry in the things. He will also see you started for home all right."

"It looks easy," said Miss Jennie.

"It's easier than making a pie-crust. You've been comin' down here three or four times a year for the last five years, and it's curus that we never taught you to drive."

"Just think of it, Jennie. We run out of tea, sugar and coffee. I step on a tack and can't drive to town. Joseph fools with a lot of wasps and gets all bungled up. You start out to go, and one of your hind wheels is taken off and you meet a feller who buys me a whole pound of tea to once!" Don't tell me that Providence don't watch over folks that are good and heap up the measure when sellin' taters!"

And after a minute Uncle Joe added:

"And if I was Jennie, I'd say 'yes' quicker'n when he comes to pop the question."

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**Real Davy Sweeting.**

"Davy Sweeting," whose real name was James Chesterfield Bradley, one of the famous trio of curates who figure in "Shirley," died recently in Richmond, England, in his ninety-fifth year, according to the London Morning Post.

Charlotte Bronte denied that the characters in "Shirley" were literal portraits; but that they were based on existing persons has been proved beyond doubt. The three curates were painted with a vigorous brush, and "Davy Sweeting" alone passed unscathed through the ordeal.

Although not averse to talking about the Brontes, Mr. Bradley never contributed much to the general stock of knowledge about them. He spoke freely, however, of the high esteem in which the much maligned curates were held, and of the conscientious manner in which they discharged their duties.

He passed a long and happy time

with his people at Sutton-under-Brailes, and passed the years of his retirement in serene contentment at Richmond, in Surrey.

**Test of Spiritual Life.**

If we may take one test or sign by which to judge of advance in the spiritual life, it would be this—whether more and more calmness is being maintained in the midst of all the disturbances and troubles which are wont to come, which may even be looked for in some form or other—whether there be peacefulness of mind, and order of thought in the midst of all that once too much distracted and agitated the soul.—T. T. Carter.

**Remembered Prohibition.**

Three-year-old Dorothy, who was allowed to play on the parkway, was told by her mother she must not get acquainted with strange people. One day an organ grinder with a monkey stopped to play and Dorothy made friends at once. As the organ grinder moved away Dorothy followed, her mother called to her, and she paused long enough to say: "Ise yest gettin' quainted wif monkey, not man's."

**Impressionable.**

First Yegg—Handsome Hal has broken away from many a copper, but they've landed him at last.

Second Yegg—Overpowered him.

First Yegg—Not exactly. The de-

partment sent a handsome policecom-

mander after him and he couldn't resist her—Judge.

A Bad Guess.

"What's this new dance they call 'the lame duck'?"

"Oh, I suppose it's something inven-

**Resting the Stomach.**  
Giving a patient's stomach a rest by feeding him through a tube that passes down his throat and completely through his stomach is one form of medical treatment. The tube is not removed after each meal, but is left in place for days, and even in some cases for a few weeks, as it is not long before the patient becomes accustomed to it and feels no great discomfort from its presence. The main purpose of tube feeding is to stop all digestive operations in the stomach and give an opportunity for the healing of sores, such as ulcers, but it has been used for other stomach ailments also. Tubes are designed that may be swallowed easily, and they have a little golden bucket at the lower end. It has been found possible in most cases to get the bucket to pass completely through the stomach in the course of a night. Food must be carefully prepared for patients undergoing this treatment, because the stomach is not allowed to do its part in digestion. Warmed and strained milk, eggs and sugar of milk, poured into the tube in small quantities every two hours during the day give sufficient nutrition to the patient. — Saturday Evening Post.

**Solignac's National Anthem.**  
The national anthem of Belgium, "La Hymne Belge," is set to lighter music than the dignified British and Russian compositions. Its author and composer were both Belgians, and the song was written to meet the public need at the time of a great crisis in the country's history—the revolution of 1830, when Belgium revolutionized its so-called "nationalization" with Holland.

The music was the work of a repe-  
titive minstrel, the time, Fransisco von Campenhausen, a violinist, a fine  
tenor singer and a composer. "La Br-  
ezonance" constituted Campenhausen's  
principal claim upon posterity. Camp-  
enhausen concentrated his efforts upon  
giving the soldiers of the revolution a  
good marching tune, one which would  
carry along the burning enthusiasm of  
Jesu's words without emphasizing  
any of their deeper qualities. He  
caught something of the impulse of  
"La Marseillaise," and even reproduced  
a hint of the rhythm of the great  
French song.

**Other Mythological Names.**  
Toliver writes a correspondent that  
it is the custom in country districts in  
France for married women to retain  
their names in association with those  
of their husbands for shop signs when  
they are in crisis, or more especially  
when they have succeeded to the  
husband. In French society the custom  
is for the lady to use her name hyphenated with that of her husband's. A  
catalogue about a long exhibition at The  
Hague which I have contains some ex-  
amples. For instance:

Mme. Maronne de Kattenhofde  
Herrsch. Dorothea. Mme. de Kattenhofde  
Mme. de Kattenhofde Maronne de Wane-  
nisse.

Maronne Sweetie de Landas Wy-  
soph-Knuth

For each case the lady's maiden name  
follows that of her husband in  
France, on the other hand the oppo-  
site order is followed—London Specta-  
lise.

**An Important "But."**  
"Eh!" exclaimed Little Edith, after  
telling the story of Adam and Eve.  
"That old serpent couldn't have  
tempted me with an apple, cause I  
don't like apples."

"But," suggested her small brother,  
"apple somebody had told you not to  
eat apples?"—Chicago News.

**Sympathy.**  
Mrs. G.—My husband walks in his  
sleep. Mrs. Youngwood I wish I could  
get mine to. His daily walk is so con-  
tinuing the poor fellow gets hardly a bit  
of exercise.—London Specta-  
lise.

**The Tourist Autograph Fiend.**  
One of the greatest sources of annoy-  
ance to custodians of places of interest  
is the manner possessed by many travel-  
ers to mark their names in conspicuous  
places. On a recent trip through California  
and the southwest I visited a number of the historic missions. At  
Santa Barbara I remarked to the tour-  
ists who abode above me over the mis-  
sion that all seemed so spotless and  
asked how they kept the walls so  
white. He told me the mission had re-  
cently been whitewashed to cover the  
hundreds of names of visitors scrib-  
bled all over the walls. An old hand  
carved grill over one of the windows  
had been broken by an adventurous  
tourist who used it as a stepladder to  
climb to the top of the window to  
place his name beyond reach of a reno-  
vating hand. At another mission tour-  
ists had chipped the walls, taken  
rounds out of historic chairs, and in  
one place a traveler had tried to pur-  
chase a souvenir from a mission mis-  
sion. It is to be hoped that this de-  
plorable trait of American tourists will  
be overcome, as they realize the  
noisiness and expense it involves.—Les-  
neau.

**A Vine That Turns Into a Tree.**  
The woods of Cuba are wonderful,  
and their native qualities are remark-  
able. The jaguar and monkey share as  
a vine clinging to some large tree.  
This vine grows to the top and then  
proceeds to put out intervals around the  
tree and finally kill it, but by this  
time it has grown entirely around the  
tree and has formed itself into a per-  
fect forest tree containing four feet in  
diameter. An unfortunate feature of  
this proceeding is that the vine is soft  
and useless for any purpose. The wood  
is in the ground for feeding game  
and takes root and grows, forming a  
driving barrier. It is a common thing  
to see a wire fence secured to a grow-  
ing tree which has originated in this  
manner. This is not true of the jaguar  
wood, which is largely used for fence  
because of its sturdy qualities. There  
are some specimens of this wood which  
are known to have been standing for  
more than a hundred years and there  
is no sign of decay or weakness of any  
kind.—Chicago Journal.

**A Natural Ice Mine.**  
Among the rugged foothills of the  
Alleghenies, just beyond Conshohocken,  
Pa., one may see a most curious na-  
tural phenomenon. In a cave a few feet  
below the surface there exists a natu-  
ral ice mine, the ceiling, walls and  
floor of the cave being perpetually cov-  
ered with thick ice. Curiously enough,  
during the heat of summer the ice is  
much thicker than in the coldest win-  
ter. Chemists who have tested the ice  
pronounce it to be absolutely pure nat-  
ural ice, but no one has been able to  
discover the cause of this unusual fea-  
ture, although several theories have  
been proposed. Some scientists believe  
that underground water, rising from  
great depths, congeals upon the walls,  
but all theories thus far advanced have  
been unconfirmed, and the origin of  
the ice mine remains as much of a  
mystery as ever.—Wide World Specta-  
lise.

**Secret Letter Opening.**  
It is said that secret service agents  
of certain of the foreign offices and po-  
lice departments of foreign countries  
have raised letter opening to a fine art.  
Some kinds of paper, it appears, can  
be steamed open without leaving any  
trace, and this simple operation is fol-  
lowed by reburnishing the gap with a  
bone instrument. In the case of a seal  
matrix is taken by means of new  
breath before breaking the wax. When  
other methods fail the envelope is  
placed between pieces of wood with  
edges projecting one-twentieth of an  
inch. The edge of the envelope is first  
softened, then roughened and finally  
left open. Later a thin line of strong  
white gum is applied and the edges are  
uniting under pressure.

**Commander of the Emden.**  
The destruction of the German cruiser  
Emden by the Australian war ves-  
sel Sydney at Cocos Island, Indian  
ocean, brought to a close the career of  
a ship that had wrought great damage  
to English commerce. During her  
career of activity she destroyed Eng-  
lish ships valued at \$5,000,000 without  
their cargoes and sank a Russian  
cruiser and a French destroyer in the  
harbor of Penang, a British possession  
in the Straits Settlements.

Captain Karl von Müller, the distin-  
guished officer who commanded the

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**

In the District Court of the United  
States for the Northern District of  
California, in the Matter of H. J. Hoffman,  
Bankrupt.

To the Creditors:

Take notice that H. F. Hobson,  
Trustee of the estate of the above  
named bankrupt, has filed herein his  
First Account and Report, and that  
at the office of the undersigned on  
the 14th day of December, 1914, in  
the Kings Bank Building, 13th and Broad-  
way, in the City of Oakland, California,  
on the 14th day of December, 1914, at 11 o'clock a.m., which  
day and hour are hereby fixed for  
the meeting of creditors of the above  
named bankrupt, said report and ac-  
count of said trustee will be exam-  
ined and passed upon, and the debts  
entitled to priority will be determined  
and ordered paid, and claims of  
creditors not already allowed will be  
passed upon and determined, and a  
dividend declared and ordered paid  
on claims duly filed and allowed.

Dated, Dec. 14, 1914.

W. M. J. HAYES,  
Referee in Bankruptcy in and for  
the County of Alameda, State of  
California.

**Take The Terminal for 1915**

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Of Fashions

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